

## A Small Mishap

by QueenOfEllipses

Category: Haikyu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Kenma K., Tetsuro K.

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-08-26 07:03:37

Updated: 2014-08-26 07:03:37

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:44:37

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,214

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Perhaps taking advice from that owl wasn't a good idea.

Kuroo thoroughly believes that dating his longtime best friend would ruin their relationship forever. However, the setter's face is SO cute, and Kuroo ends up doing the one thing he's tried so hard to keep himself from not doing. Crappy KuroKen One-shot

## A Small Mishap

\*\*A/N: Please forgive me for I have sinned. I try to write a thing, and I get \_this\_. I apologize.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Kuroo Tetsuro was never in any sort of hurry. No, he'd prefer to take his time and do things right rather than do things quickly and mess up. However, as he stood behind his childhood friend's closed door, all that ran through his mind were thoughts of how he wasn't patient. This was all his own fault. He messed up. He didn't wait long enough. He shouldn't have tried in the first place.<p>

For about the one hundredth time in the past hour, Kuroo slammed his fists on the door again, hoping that his friend would finally come out. After a few seconds and no signs of any movement, Kuroo sighed, turned and leaned back on the door, and slid down to the floor. He would've laughed at the cliché action he had just performed had he not been so angry at the moment. Angry at himself.

He clicked his tongue, and muttered, "Shit..." He knew he was trash, no one had to tell him that. He knew his friend like the back of his hand. Kuroo knew his likes (apple pie, video games, simple things) and dislikes (too many people, losing at his games). He knew his friend was "regardless of the fact he was coming out of his shell" still very introverted and a bit jumpy, and in general, kinda delicate, and yet Kuroo goes and does \_that\_.

Let's back up.

Two hours ago, a much happier Kuroo walked to his friend's house. After a few knocks, a much happier Kozume Kenma answered the door with a curt "What?"

Kuroo had almost giggled at how cute his friend looked when he was irked.

"Hey~ Kenma! What're you doing~?" Kuroo said, in an annoyingly happy voice.

"I was playing a game until just now," Kenma replied. Kuroo could tell by the look on the pudding-head's face that he was having problems with said game.

Perfect.

"Ahh, really, can I come watch?" Sir Bedhead decided beforehand that he wanted to spend his Saturday hanging with Kenma, who's parents were out, so why not just keep him company while he plays his game? He'll be concentrating, leaving Kuroo will be free to do as he wants. And by that, I mean he'll just stare at Kenma's cute face while his attention is on the video game. He only came with the intent of them chilling and tossing around a volleyball or something, but this is much better.

Oh. Yeah. Kuroo has an extreme crush on the younger male, not like he could possibly admit that to anyone. He was pretty good at hiding his love, too, if he does say so himself. Sure, he kinda stares at Kenma while he's not looking, but it's 'highly unlikely' that anyone would possibly think Kuroo has any ulterior feelings. (Translation: literally everyone on the volleyball team knows, don't tell Kuroo.)

It actually just started out as a small crush when Kuroo was a first year in high school and Kenma was still in middle school. Kuroo was always popular with the ladies, but they were just flings. As high school progressed, so did his feelings, up until it was to the point where he was head-over-heels in love with his friend. Not exactly a good thing.

Kenma shrugged, gaining back Kuroo's attention, and uttered a quiet, "Whatever," as he walked back inside his house. Kuroo grinned at Kenma's retreating figure as he came in and shut the front door.

Kenma's room looked the same as always: a plain bed with light blue sheets, a clean wooden desk with a matching chair, a bookshelf full of various books of various genres, a table covered in gaming systems and handhelds, a TV, and a box in the corner of the room where the actual games were. Kuroo had been in there many times, and yet his heart had always beat a little bit faster every time he was in there alone with the shorter boy... Yes, Kuroo realizes he's a lovestruck schoolgirl.

Kuroo sat on the bed next to Kenma for about forty-five minutes until Kenma decided to take a break. Kuroo didn't pay too much attention to the game, and spent most of the time taking long glances at Kenma.

Kenma, with a pout, sighed, fell back on the bed, and murmured, "He just won't die... maybe I should go back and grind until 60...? But my monsters are all 100... amazing strength... maybe more defense..."

Kuroo simply stared at Kenma, who kept on uttering nonsense about his game under his breath. The black-haired boy poked his friend on the nose and said, "Aww, you'll beat him eventually! How about you and I go out and do something for now? It's only noon. We could go get some ice cream or something, if you want?"

Kenma sighed again, turned his head away, and replied with a simple, "Nah."

Kuroo knew better than to try to force his friend out, so he simply complied with his choice. "Mmm... then wanna just eat lunch?"

"Sure."

The next fifteen minutes included light chitter-chatter, munching on turkey sandwiches, and sipping on energy drinks. As they ate, Kuroo, like the creep he was, took more glances at the blonde kitty, who didn't seem to notice at all.

"Soooooo, Kenma, you gonna play that game some more after this?" Kuroo questioned.

"I'm at the final boss. I won't leave this house until I beat him."

"I see..."

Not that Kuroo disliked just watching his friend play his game or anything: no, he appreciated every single second he got to spend with Kenma. It's just, he wished that they could do something more... BECOME something more...

Kuroo shakes the thought out of his head. He knew, deep down, that if he tried anything, their whole relationship would be ruined. That's why he hides his affection for the younger boy... but what if... what if they could...

...Unlike others, though, Kenma probably wouldn't freak out if Kuroo tried to...

Kuroo actually shakes his head this time. No, no, no, it's a trope. Dating your childhood friend usually turns out badly.

Kenma, confused, turns to face the taller boy. "What's with the shaking?"

"Ah! Eh, thinking about stuff. New volleyball strategies, and, uh... stuff. Thought I had something, but I guess not hohohohooooh!" Smooth, Kuroo.

Kenma, shrugging, pushed his chair back and got up with a silent, "I'm done." Kuroo quickly followed.

When they got back to Kenma's room, the owner decided to simply lie down on his bed rather than play the game again.

"Eh? You're not gonna try to beat the boss?" Kuroo questions.

Kenma curled up into a ball. "I changed my mind," he said, with a small pout.

Kuroo thought his friend looked absolutely adorable. He quickly put that thought to the side, lied down beside the pudding-head, and said, "What's got you so depressed?"

"Nothing. Don't feel like level grinding," was the reply.

It was strange for the boy to act like that: normally he would have just kept playing with no complaints. Kuroo knew the younger boy was definitely acting strange, but he couldn't put his finger on it.

Something shifting beside him shook Kuroo out of his thoughts.

"â€"go take a walk."

Before he knew what he was doing, Kuroo got up and grabbed Kenma's hand before he walked out.

"Hold up. What's wrong?"

Kenma didn't turn to face Kuroo. "I already said it. I'm fine."

Kuroo scoffed. "Kenma, we've been friends forever, and I can tell if you're upset or not. Now, spit it out." Kuroo was genuinely concerned. Did something happen? Did he do something? Kenma seemed fine until lunch. It can't be just the game, could it?

Kuroo spun Kenma around to look him in the eye, except, the younger boy refused to look at him directly. Unless his eyes were playing tricks on him, was Kenma blushing...?

Shit. ("Don't do it, Kuroo.")

Shit shit shit. ("No, really, why is he blushing anyway?")

Too cute. ("Nng, I dunno why, but, he's really cute when he blushes...")

Abort abort abort. ("KUROO. YOUR CONSCIENCE SAYS NO.")

"Kuroo, I think I might liâ€"

A quick peck on the lips shut Kenma up.

All of the pent up sexual frustration had gotten to Kuroo, and seeing Kenma looking so damn adorable, he couldn't help himself. Kenma, with wide eyes, actually met Kuroo's gaze for what was probably the first time today. Kuroo immediately regretted what he had just done.

"I... I..." Kuroo stammered. The smaller boy simply pushed him out

the door, shut it, and locked it. Kuroo was dazed. What just happened? It just went by all too quickly...

...Oh, wait. That's right. He dived in a bit too early. No, he just dived in at all. The whole reason he'd kept this a secret was so that their relationship wouldn't be ruined... like it probably will be. It's a thing, right? Date a person you've been friends with forever and things just go downhill? You get further and further apart and you should've just stayed friends? Bokuto had mentioned something like that once, and Kuroo had since been wary about keeping his feelings for Kenma a secret. Apparently, things get awkward.

...Is Kenma mad? No, he never gets mad... He's probably upset... Kuroo kissed him. That's not right. Plus, their both guys! Kuroo screwed up, big time.

That brings us back to where we are now: Kuroo trying to urge Kenma out of his room. Or, at least he was.

Kuroo stood up from where he was sitting and knocked on the door one last time, gentler than he had been.

"I'm sorry, Kenma. I don't know what came over me... I'll leave."

In the blink of an eye, something shocking happened.

The blonde kitty flung open his door and hugged the black cat from behind. He didn't say anything. All he did was shake his head.

Okay, now Kuroo was confused. "K...en...ma...?" he said, turning his head to look down at the small teen whose arms were wrapped around him tightly.

"Don't go."

"Ahhh," Kuroo was terribly confused, "alright. Uh, you're not mad?"

Another shake.

"But why did you—"?

"I was just startled. I was going to say something until you interrupted me."

"That being?"

There was a long pause, followed by a, "I'm not going to say it anymore."

Kuroo deadpanned.

"WHA?! C'mon, what was it? What were you going—" The arms around him squeezed tighter. Kenma, with cheeks tinged with pink, looked up at Kuroo's face.

"I will not say it."

Ohohoh. Kuroo fully understood now. A little teasing wouldn't hurt now, would it? After all that stress the blonde kitty has put him

through...

"Hey~ I don't get it. Why won't you say it? If you won't, I supposed I'll just leave." He didn't gain the title of 'Honorary Trash' for nothing.

Kenma glared at him. Kuroo chuckled nervously, and gave a sheepish grin. "Alright, alright, I get it, but would you care to elaborate a little?"

Kenma sighed, puffing his cheeks.

"I always knew you liked me."

"Whaâ€"?!"

"At first, I felt a bit...unsure. But after a while I started... liking you back... and... I started to... feel weird around you..." At this point, Kenma's face was a very bright pink. "I'm not gonna say anything more."

Kuroo would never be able to describe adorable-ness Kenma was displaying in words.

"So," he began, "are we, likeâ€" "

"Sure."

"That easily?"

The setter shrugged. "We've been friends for a long time, don't the books usually say it's good to take it to the next level?"

Kuroo had to take time to process that. "Eh?"

"What?"

"Bokuto said that dating a childhood friend usually leads to two not being friends at all anymore... That's why I always hid how I felt..."

"One: why would you listen to him? and Two: he probably got that off the internet."

"Owls are wise!"

"Not that one."

Kuroo simply laughed. He was happy that this was sorted out.

"So, how about that ice cream?"

"No. Now that that's off my chest, I need to level grind. I haven't been able to concentrate all day," Kenma said, as he let go of the taller male and went back into his room.

Kuroo sighed. It looks like things really weren't gonna change. Much.

He went up the the shorter boy, and hugged him. "Thanks."

The latter was a bit shocked at the random act of gratitude. "Eh? For what?"

"Just... thanks."

Kenma blushed, slightly. "Tch, just let me play my game."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Okay, feel free to criticize. I know I suck.  
<strong>

End  
file.